SPECIAL TRANSFORMERS™ CROSS-OVER

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MARVEL®

FREE POSTER INSIDE

15th Aug. 87
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U.S.$1.25 CAN.$1.75

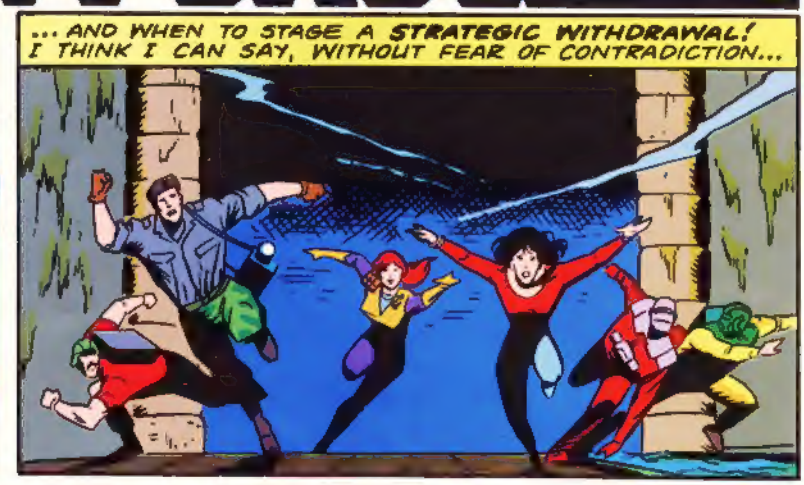
ACTION FORCE™

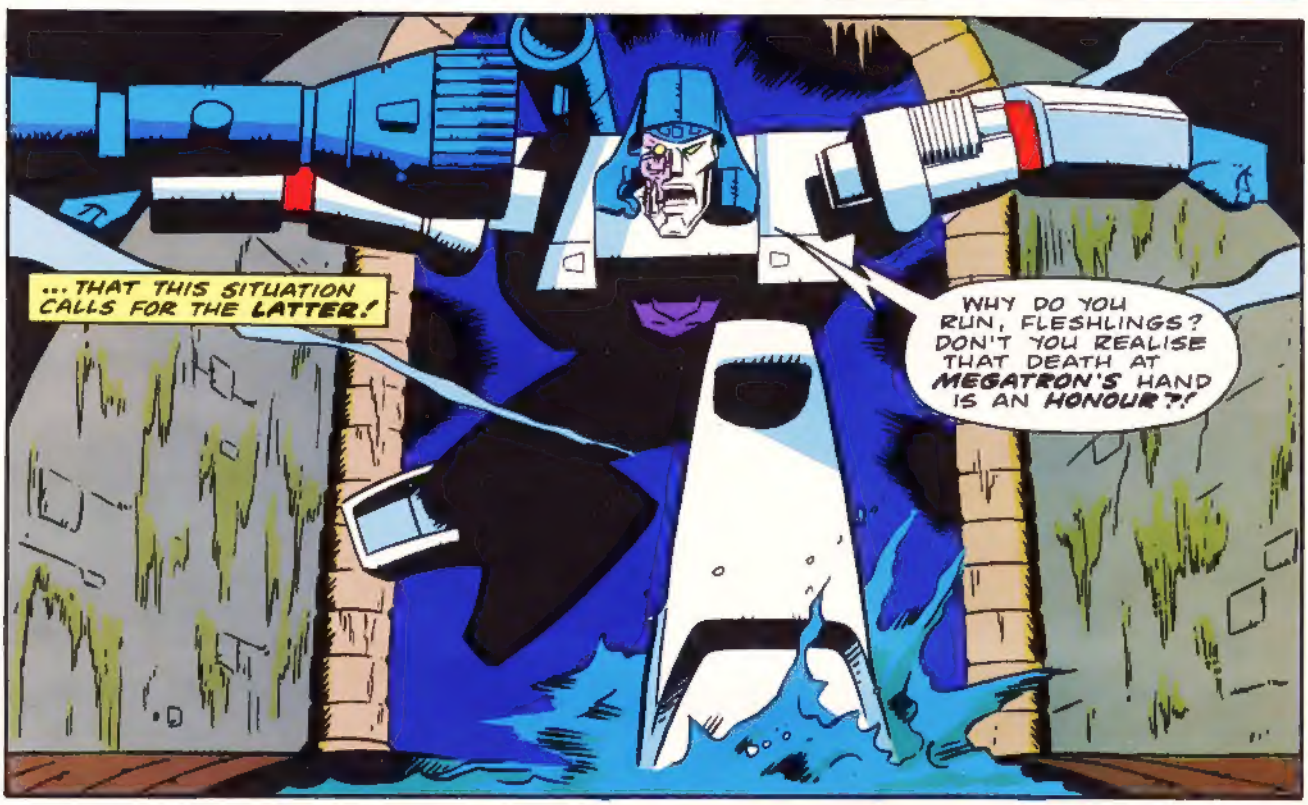
VERSUS

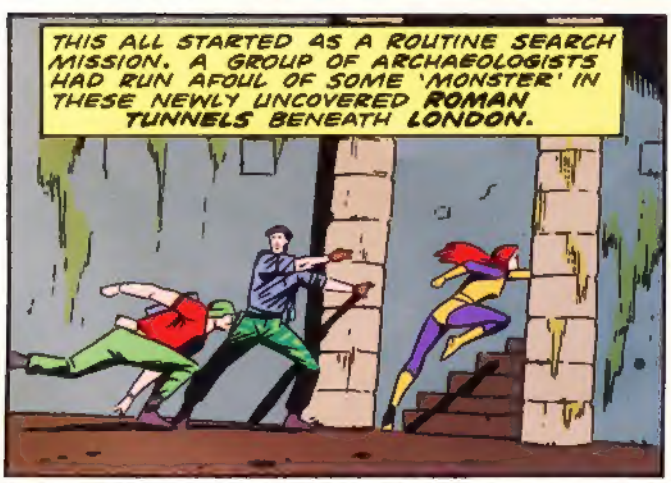
MEGATRON!

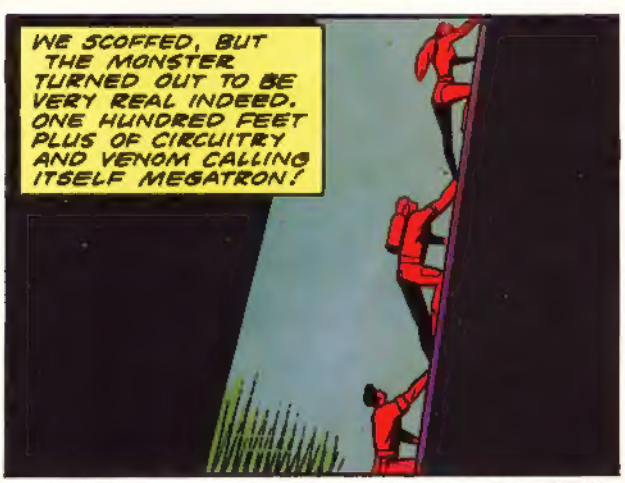
ACTION FORCE

THE NAME'S FLINT—I COMMAND THE ELITE COUNTER-TERRORIST OUTFIT KNOWN AS ACTION FORCE.
LIKE ANY GOOD COMMANDER, I KNOW WHEN TO STAND AND FIGHT...




...THAT THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR THE LATTER!
WHY DO YOU RUN, FLESHLINGS? DON'T YOU REALISE THAT DEATH AT MEGATRON'S HAND IS AN HONOUR?!

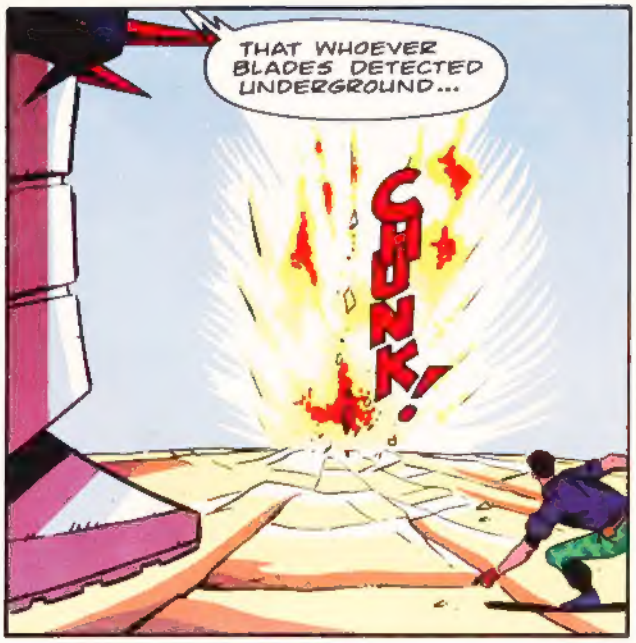

THIS ALL STARTED AS A ROUTINE SEARCH MISSION. A GROUP OF ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAD RUN AFOUL OF SOME 'MONSTER' IN THESE NEWLY UNCOVERED ROMAN TUNNELS BENEATH LONDON.

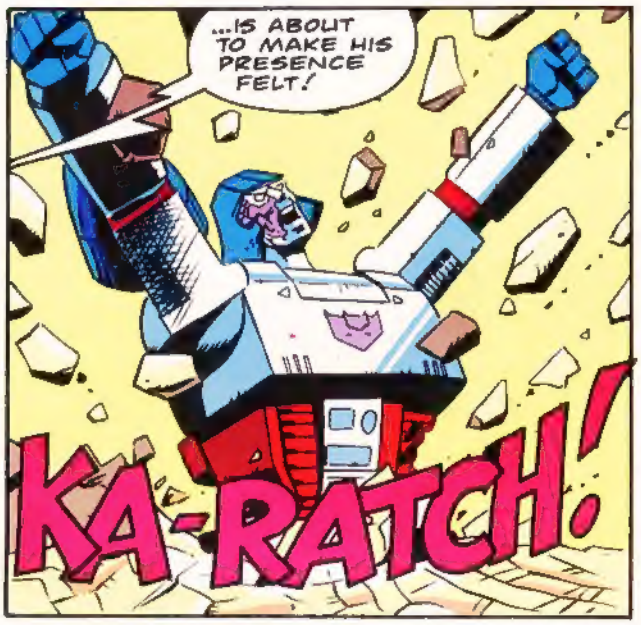

WE SCOFFED, BUT THE MONSTER TURNED OUT TO BE VERY REAL INDEED. ONE HUNDRED FEET PLUS OF CIRCUITRY AND VENOM CALLING ITSELF MEGATRON!

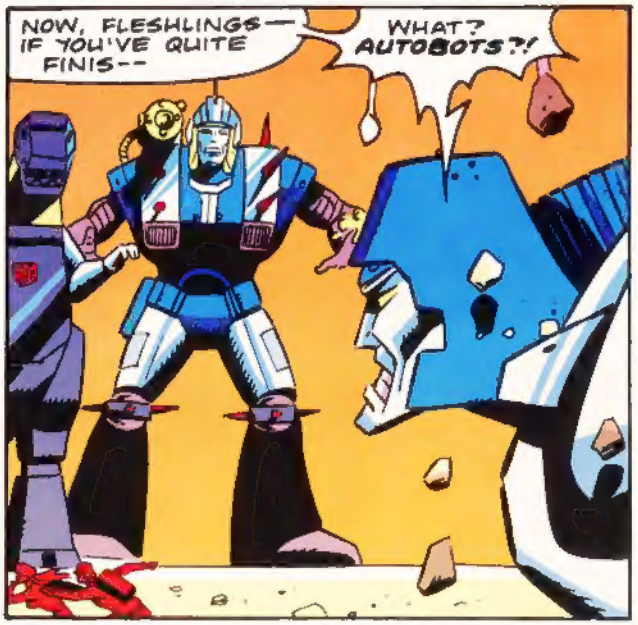
Script . . . **Simon Furman**/ Pencils . . . **Geoff Senior**/ Inks . . . **Dave Harwood**/ Letters . . . **Annie Halfacree**/ Colour . . . **Steve White**

AS WE FLED THE SEWER SYSTEM, THERE WAS JUST ONE THOUGHT IN ALL OUR MINDS...
A SINGLE BLAST FROM MEGATRON'S CANNON HAD TAKEN OUT THE OTHER ROBOT WE'D ENCOUNTERED DOWN THERE.* NONE OF US WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT IT COULD DO TO HUMANS!
*SEE TRANSFORMERS #125.
I THOUGHT WE'D BE SAFE IF WE HEADED FOR THE SURFACE.
SOME DAYS, THOUGH...
...IT JUST DOESN'T PAY TO GET OUT OF BED!
ANCIENT RELICS!
PART TWO
HUMANS?!
I DIDN'T COME ALL THIS WAY JUST TO FIND SOME MORE OF THESE INSIGNIFICANT LIFE-FORMS!

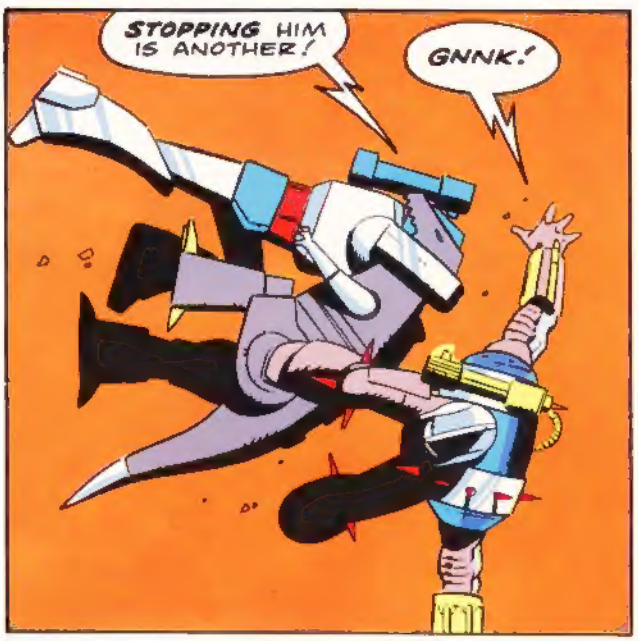
BLADES LED ME TO BELIEVE THAT HE'D LOCATED A TRANSFORMER LIFE SIGNAL FROM BENEATH THIS SECTION OF LAND. A SIGNAL THAT HAD TO BE EITHER BLASTER OR GOLDBUG— TWO DESERTERS FROM MY AUTOBOT ARMY!
SO TELL ME, CENTURION— WHERE ARE THEY?
I THINK, COMMANDER GRIMLOCK...

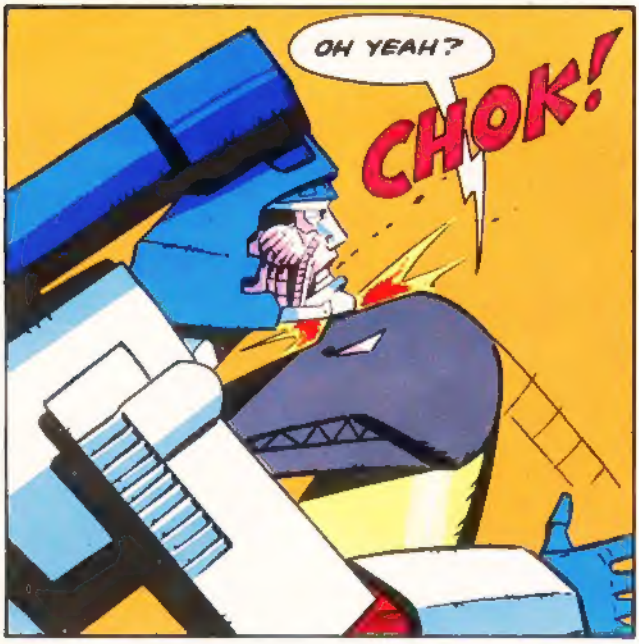

THAT WHOEVER BLADES DETECTED UNDERGROUND...
CHUNK!

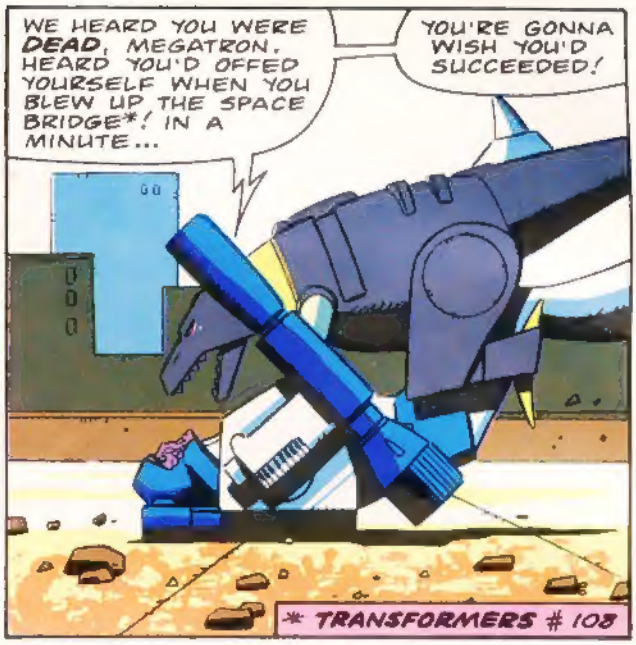

...IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS PRESENCE FELT!
KA-RATCH!

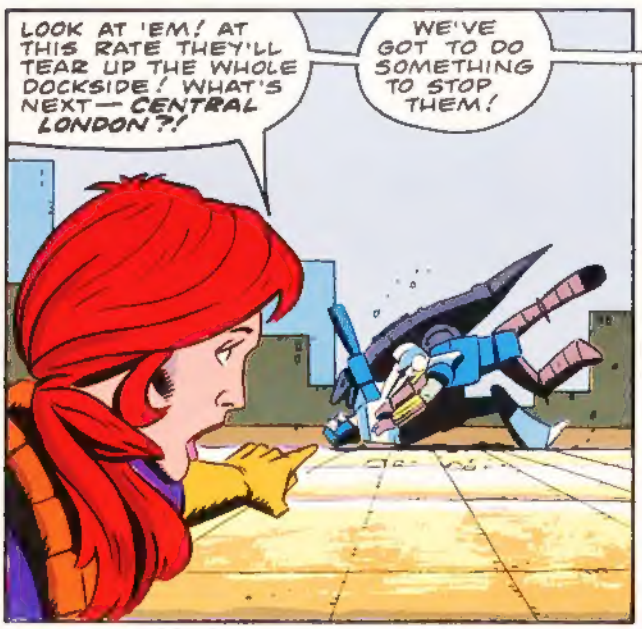

NOW, FLESHLINGS— IF YOU'VE QUITE FINIS--
WHAT? AUTOBOTS?!

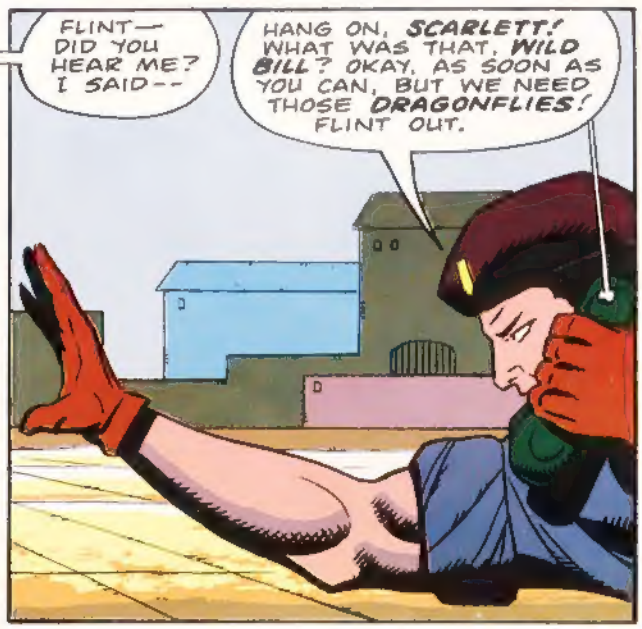
SO, I WAS RIGHT— YOU HAVE FOUND ME! BUT— BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE THE DIMENSIONAL SPACE BRIDGE HAD BROUGHT ME?
HAH! IT MATTERS LITTLE! FINDING MEGATRON IS ONE THING...

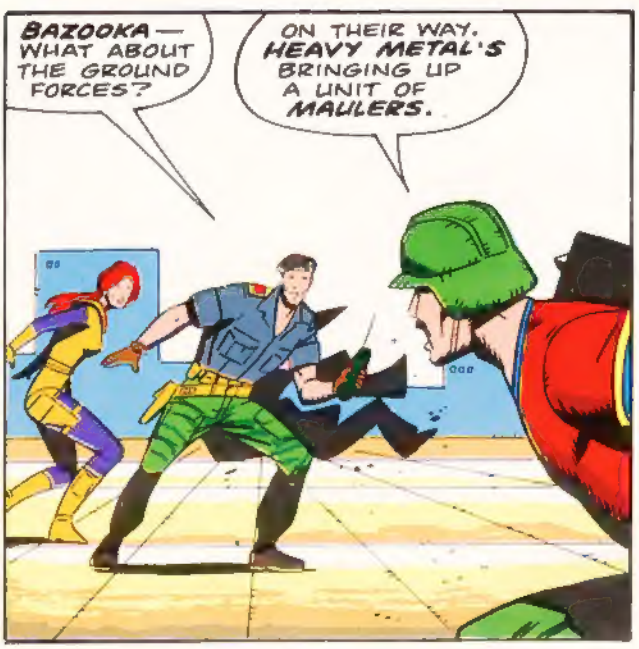

STOPPING HIM IS ANOTHER!
GNNK!


OH YEAH?
CHOK!


WE HEARD YOU WERE DEAD, MEGATRON. HEARD YOU'D OFFED YOURSELF WHEN YOU BLEW UP THE SPACE BRIDGE*! IN A MINUTE...
YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU'D SUCCEEDED!
* TRANSFORMERS # 108


LOOK AT 'EM! AT THIS RATE THEY'LL TEAR UP THE WHOLE DOCKSIDE! WHAT'S NEXT— CENTRAL LONDON?!
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP THEM!


FLINT— DID YOU HEAR ME? I SAID--
HANG ON, SCARLETT! WHAT WAS THAT, WILD BILL? OKAY. AS SOON AS YOU CAN, BUT WE NEED THOSE DRAGONFLIES! FLINT OUT.


BAZOOKA— WHAT ABOUT THE GROUND FORCES?
ON THEIR WAY. HEAVY METAL'S BRINGING UP A UNIT OF MAULERS.

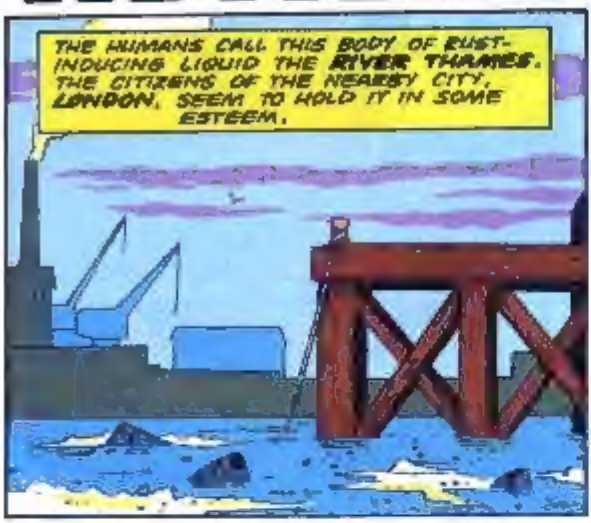
AH, THERE'S WILD BILL... NOW— WHAT WERE YOU SAYING, SCARLETT?
FORGET IT— YOU'RE WAY AHEAD OF ME!

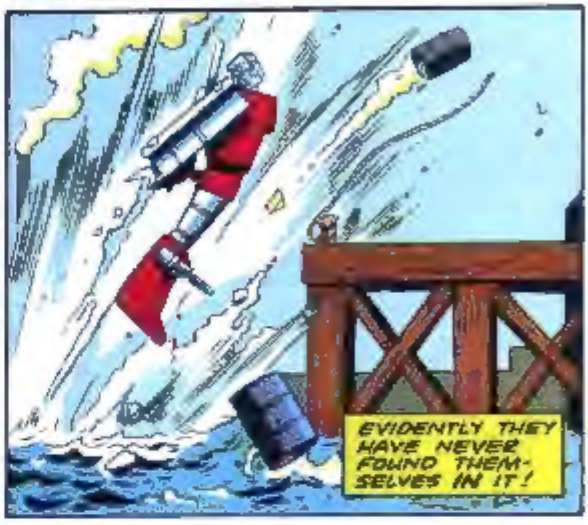
OKAY, LISTEN UP, DRAGONFLIES TWO AND THREE. YOUR TARGET IS THE ROBOT WITH A BUCKET ON HIS HEAD AND A CANNON ON HIS ARM.
AS SOON AS YOU'RE IN RANGE...
FIRE AT WILL!
YAARGH!
SO, FLESHLINGS — YOU DARE TO ATTACK MEGATRON! IT SEEMS I MUST ONCE MORE TEACH YOU THE ERROR OF YOUR WAYS...
SKRAK!
I'M HIT! ROTORS GONE!
I'M GOING DOWN!

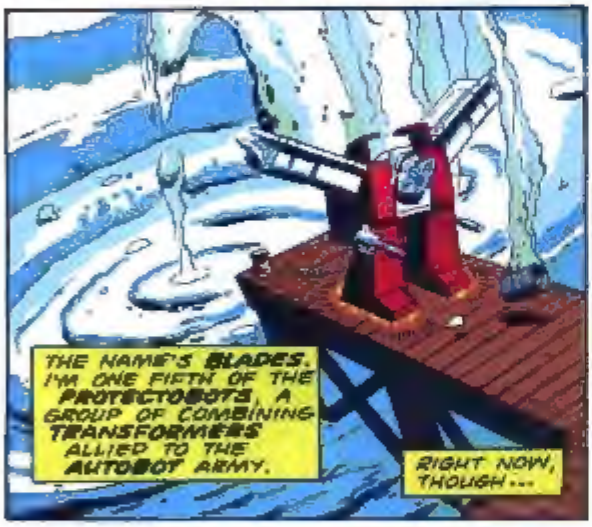
Next...Heavy Artillery!

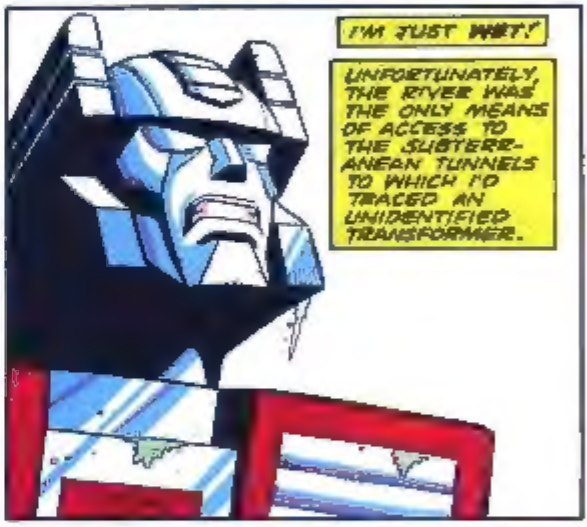
SPECIAL TRANSFORMERS™ CROSS-OVER

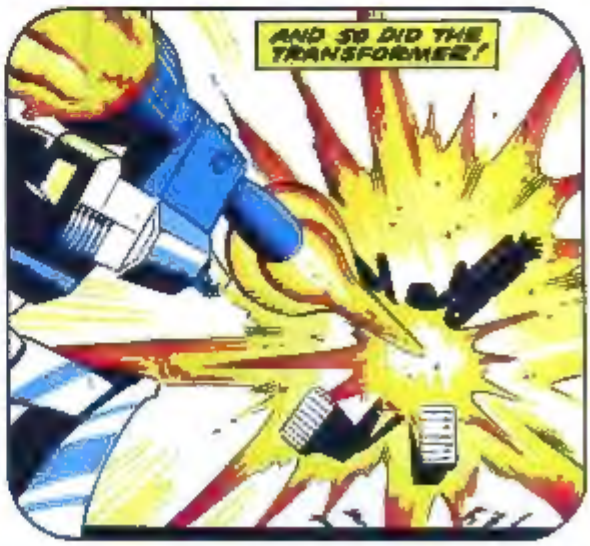
ACTION FORCE


THE HUMANS CALL THIS BODY OF RUST-INDUCING LIQUID THE RIVER THAMES. THE CITIZENS OF THE NEARBY CITY, LONDON, SEEM TO HOLD IT IN SOME ESTEEM.




THE NAME'S BLADES. I'M ONE FIFTH OF THE PROTECTOBOTS, A GROUP OF COMBINING TRANSFORMERS ALLIED TO THE AUTOBOT ARMY.
RIGHT NOW, THOUGH...


I'M JUST WET!
UNFORTUNATELY, THE RIVER WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF ACCESS TO THE SUBTERRANEAN TUNNELS TO WHICH I'D TRACED AN UNIDENTIFIED TRANSFORMER.



Script . . . **Simon Furman**/ Pencils . . . **Geoff Senior**/ Inks . . . **Dave Harwood**/ Letters . . . **Annie Halfacree**/ Colour . . . **Steve White**

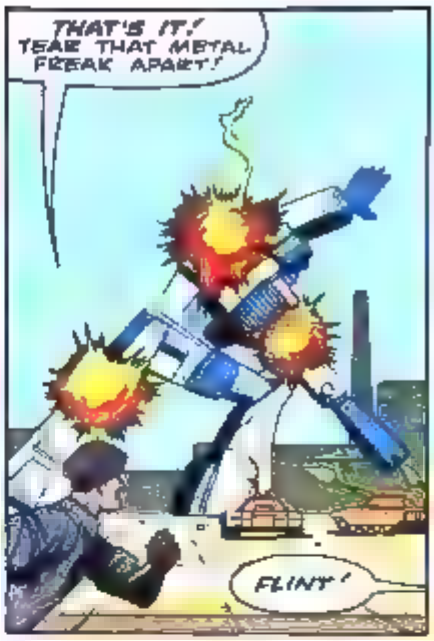
WHEN I CAME ROUND, THE HUMANS AND THE TRANSFORMER WERE GONE. MY BEST BET SEEMED TO BE TO MAKE MY WAY BACK TO THE SURFACE.
I WONDER IF MUCH HAS HAPPENED IN MY ABSENCE...
AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW?
IT HAS!
ANCIENT RELICS!
PART THREE

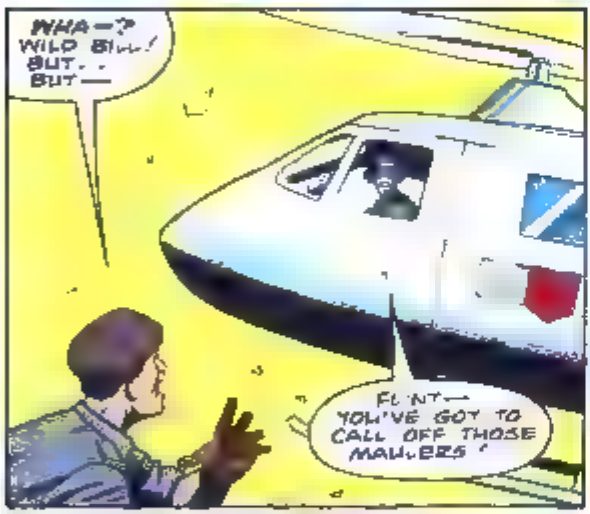
THERE'S NO TIME TO WONDER HOW MEGATRON— ONE OF OUR DEADLIEST ENEMIES — HAS APPARENTLY RETURNED FROM THE DEAD, OR HOW LONG MY LEADER, GRIMLOCK, CAN LAST AGAINST HIM.
NO TIME TO WONDER IF THE MECHANOID, KNOWN AS CENTURION, CAN REACH THE STRICKEN HELICOPTER, OR IF HIS CATCHING IT WOULD PREVENT THE DEATH OF ITS PILOT.
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO FORGET THINKING...
HUMAN...
SOMETIMES YOU JUST HAVE TO ACT!
JUMP!
NUUUH!
KRA-KOOM!
WILD BILL!

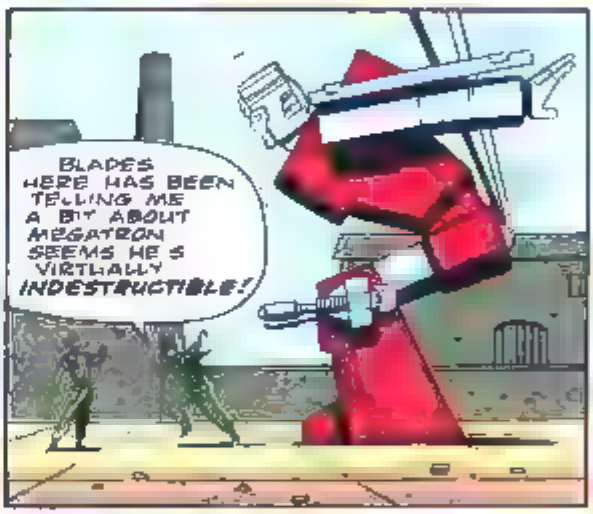
NO!
FLINT COME AWAY! TH THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO!
NOTHING, SCARLETT... NOTHING?
WILD BILL WASN'T JUST ANOTHER SOLDIER, ANOTHER NAME FOR THE ACTION FORCE MEMORIAL/ HE WAS A FRIEND YOU UNDERSTAND? A FRIEND!
HEY FLINT I KNOW
I MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SAVE HIM BUT I CAN AVENGE HIM!
HEAVY METAL YOU HEAR ME? I WANT YOU IN THERE NOW!
UNDERSTOOD C'L NT MAULERS
ATTACK!
CHAKKA-RRRNCH!
YOU'RE A FOOL DINOBOT! HOW MANY TIMES MUST WE CLASH BEFORE YOU REALISE THAT I AM SUPERIOR TO YOU IN EVERY WAY?
IT ENDS NOW, GRIMLOCK!
KRAK!

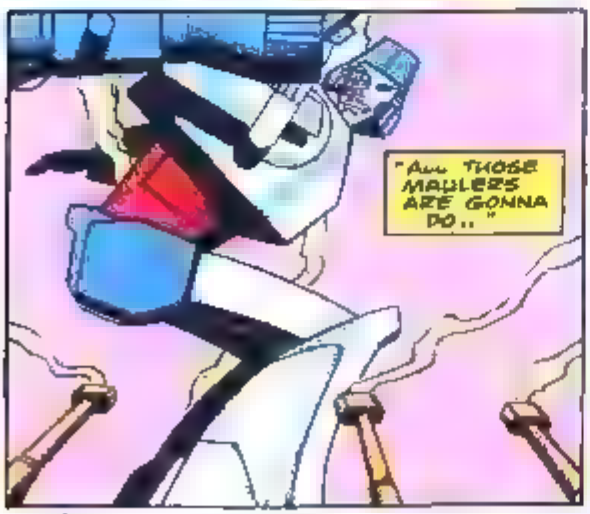
ANY LAST WORDS?
YEAH — WHY DON'T YOU JUST GO AND —

AAK!


THAT'S IT! TEAR THAT METAL FREAK APART!
FLINT!


WHA—? WILD BILL! BUT... BUT—
FLINT— YOU'VE GOT TO CALL OFF THOSE MAULERS!


BLADES HERE HAS BEEN TELLING ME A BIT ABOUT MEGATRON SEEMS HE'S VIRTUALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE!


"ALL THOSE MAULERS ARE GONNA DO..."

"...IS MAKE HIM MAD!"
AAAAH

Next...Mauled!

SPECIAL TRANSFORMERS™ CROSS-OVER

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MARVEL

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29th Aug. 87
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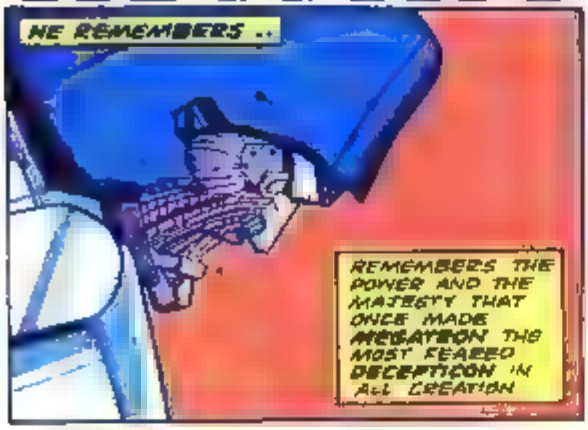
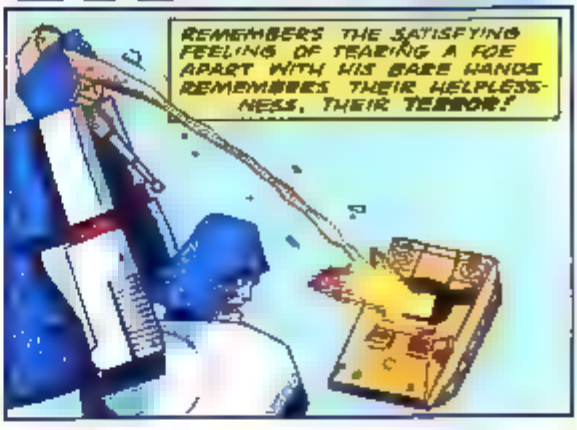
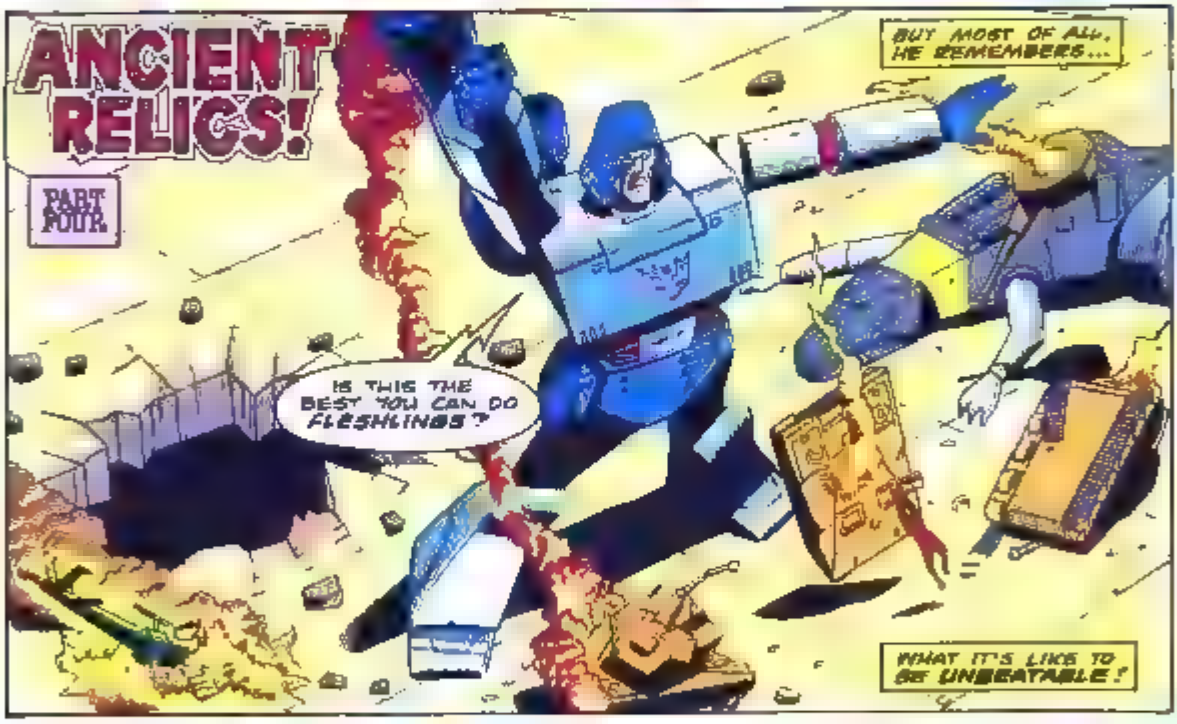
ACTION FORCE

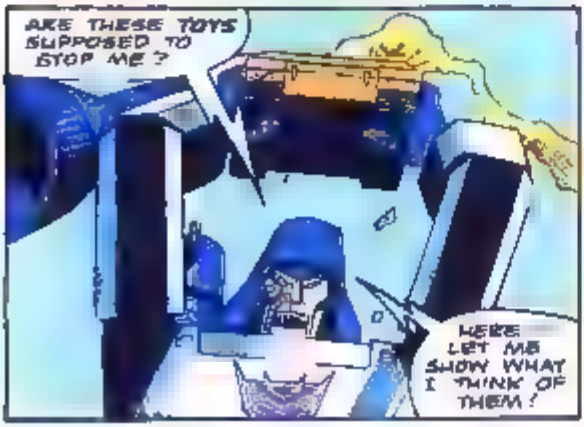
MAULED!

ACTION FORCE




REMEMBERS THE SATISFYING FEELING OF TEARING A FOE APART WITH HIS BARE HANDS REMEMBERS THEIR HELPLESSNESS, THEIR TERROR!

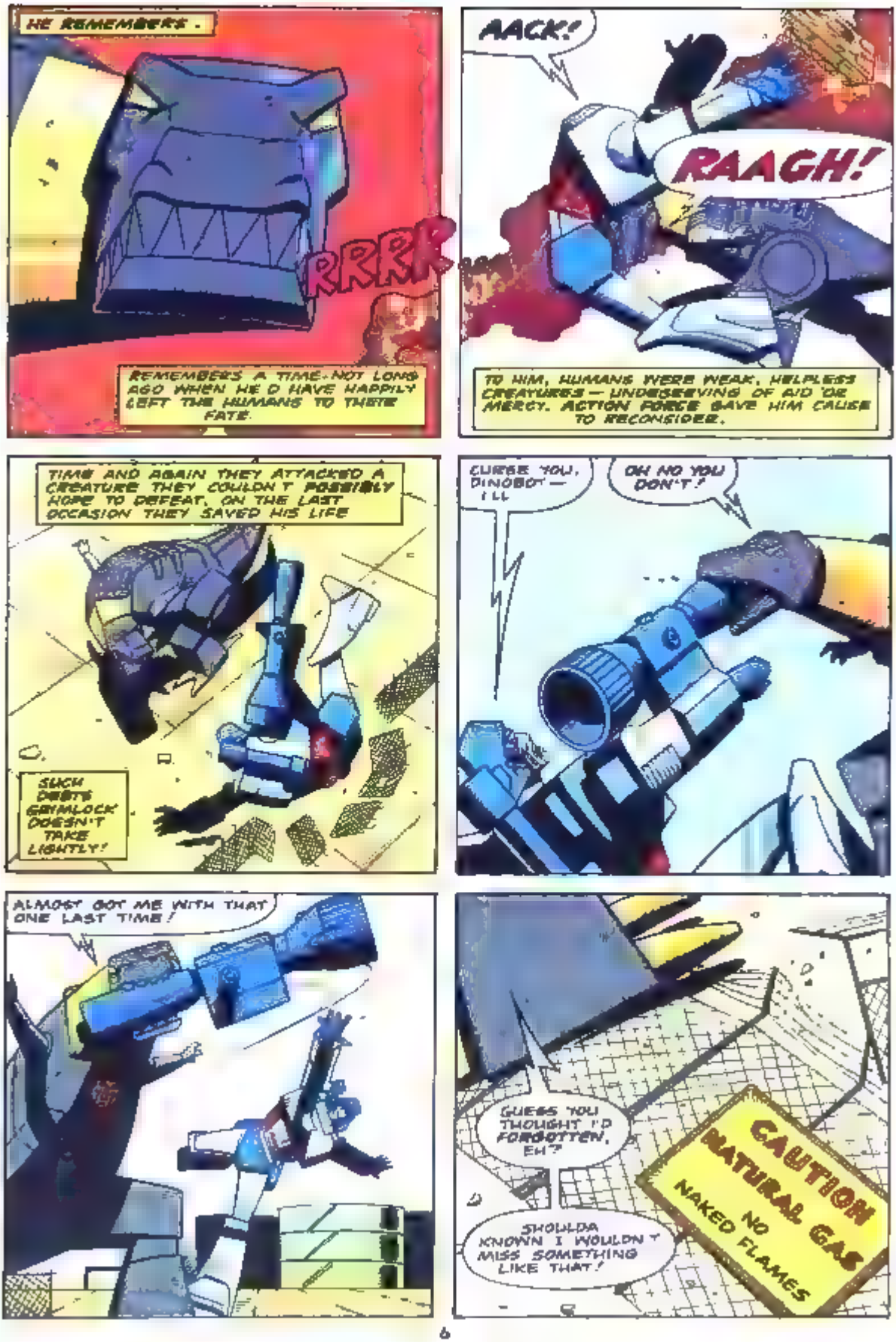

ANCIENT RELICS!
PART FOUR
BUT MOST OF ALL, HE REMEMBERS...
IS THIS THE BEST YOU CAN DO FLESHLINGS?
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE UNBEATABLE!



Script: **Simon Furman**/ Pencils: **Geoff Senior**/ Inks: **Dave Harwood**/ Letters: **Annie Halfacree**/ Colour: **Steve White**

HE REMEMBERS
MOVE ACTION FORCE — MOVE!
REMEMBERS HOW HE'D LET EMOTION CLOUD HIS JUDGEMENT REMEMBERS HOW BELIEVING WILD BILL TO BE DEAD, HE'D GIVEN THE ORDER FOR THE MAULERS TO ATTACK
HE REMEMBERS HIS ERROR
KROOM!
AND REALISES THAT HIS DECISION COULD HAVE COST SOMEONE THEIR LIFE!
WHAT NOW FLINT — WHAT NOW? THAT CREATURE CAN'T BE STOPPED! WE'VE TRIED DRAGON FLIES MAULERS — WHAT ELSE IS THERE?
I I DON'T KNOW SCARLETT I JUST DON'T KNOW!
EVEN THE OTHER ROBOTS SEEM POWERLESS TO STOP HIM THE ONE CALLED GRIMLOCK LOOKS OUT OF T..
AND BLADES HERE WENT DOWN AFTER ONE BLAST FROM MEGATRON'S CANNON!
AND AS FOR THAT ONE - CENTURION WELL HE'S JUST STANDING THERE WATCHING..
AS THOUGH HE'S FORGOTTEN HOW TO FIGHT!

HE REMEMBERS...
REMEMBERS A CITY IN FLAMES A FIGHT TO THE FINISH BETWEEN HIMSELF AND MEGATRON
REMEMBERS HOW EFFORTLESSLY MEGATRON BEAT HIM *
IT WAS THE SAME THIS TIME MEGATRON SWATTED HIM AWAY LIKE A BOTHERSOME INSECT
* TRANSFORMERS #76.
EVEN SAVING THE LIFE OF THAT HELICOPTER PILOT HAD PROVED BEYOND HIM BLADES HAD TO STEP IN AND DO IT FOR HIM
A JOKE THAT'S ALL I AM. A HOPELESS, HELPLESS JOKE!
WHAT WAS IT WHEELJACK CALLED ME? AN ANCIENT RELIC? YEAH — THAT'S IT AND HE WAS RIGHT!
"HOW COULD I HAVE EVER DREAMED I COULD TAKE ON A CREATURE LIKE MEGATRON AND TRIUMPH?"
"FACE FACTS — IF GRIMLOCK COULDN'T DEFEAT MEGATRON..."
"I MIGHT AS WELL FORGET IT!"


HE REMEMBERS.
RRRR
REMEMBERS A TIME-NOT LONG AGO WHEN HE'D HAVE HAPPILY LEFT THE HUMANS TO THEIR FATE.
AACK!
RAAGH!
TO HIM, HUMANS WERE WEAK, HELPLESS CREATURES — UNDESERVING OF AID OR MERCY. ACTION FORCE GAVE HIM CAUSE TO RECONSIDER.
TIME AND AGAIN THEY ATTACKED A CREATURE THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY HOPE TO DEFEAT. ON THE LAST OCCASION THEY SAVED HIS LIFE
SUCH DEBTS GRIMLOCK DOESN'T TAKE LIGHTLY!
CURSE YOU, DINOBOT — I'LL
OH NO YOU DON'T!
ALMOST GOT ME WITH THAT ONE LAST TIME!
GUESS YOU THOUGHT I'D FORGOTTEN, EH?
SHOULDA KNOWN I WOULDN'T MISS SOMETHING LIKE THAT!
CAUTION
NATURAL GAS
NO
NAKED FLAMES

HE REMEMBERS...
REMEMBERS PILOTING A [redacted] IN THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH EAST ASIA ON A LAST DITCH RESCUE MISSION
THEY'D PULLED SIX OF THEIR MEN OUT OF THAT HELL HOLE, HE'D WANTED TO GO IN FOR THE SEVENTH.
HIS COMMANDING OFFICER SAID NO. SAID THEY'D NEVER MAKE IT, THAT THEY'D ONLY END UP SACRIFICING THEMSELVES AND THOSE THEY'D RESCUED
THEY'RE EIGHT ON TOP OF THOSE GAS TANKS!
ONE LIFE FOR EIGHT, HE'D SAID, AND GAVE THE ORDER TO WITHDRAW.
AN AIR-STRIKE NOW WOULD BLOW THOSE TANKS SKY HIGH, NOT EVEN MEGATRON COULD WITHSTAND A BLAST LIKE THAT!
WHAT?!
MAYBE HE WAS RIGHT, BUT THAT STILL DIDN'T STOP WILD BILL LYING AWAKE FOR YEARS AFTER — WONDERING ABOUT THAT SEVENTH MAN
BUT WHAT ABOUT GRIMLOCK? THE BLAST'LL KILL HIM, TOO!
I'M SORRY, BLADES. IT'S GRIMLOCK'S LIFE FOR COUNTLESS THOUSANDS MEGATRON HAS TO BE STOPPED
IN TIME HE MANAGED TO FORGET
SEND IN THE SKY STRIKERS!
NOW HE CAN'T HELP BUT REMEMBER!

Next...Gassed Out!

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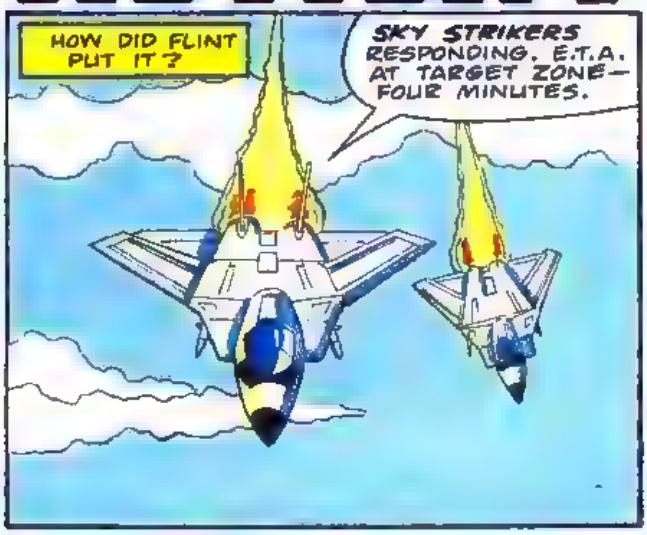
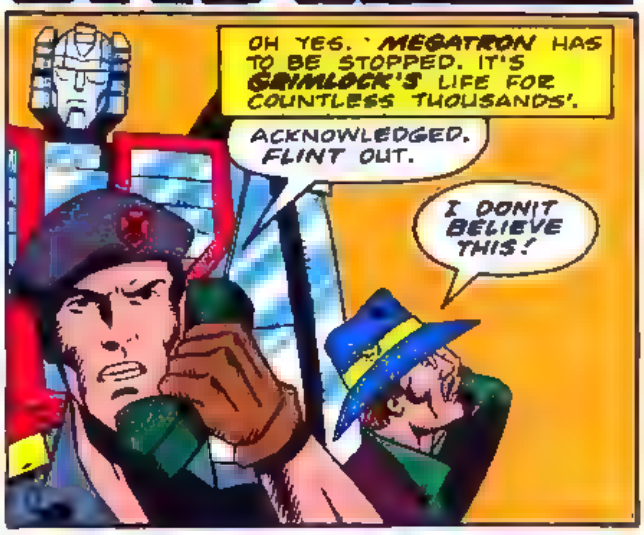
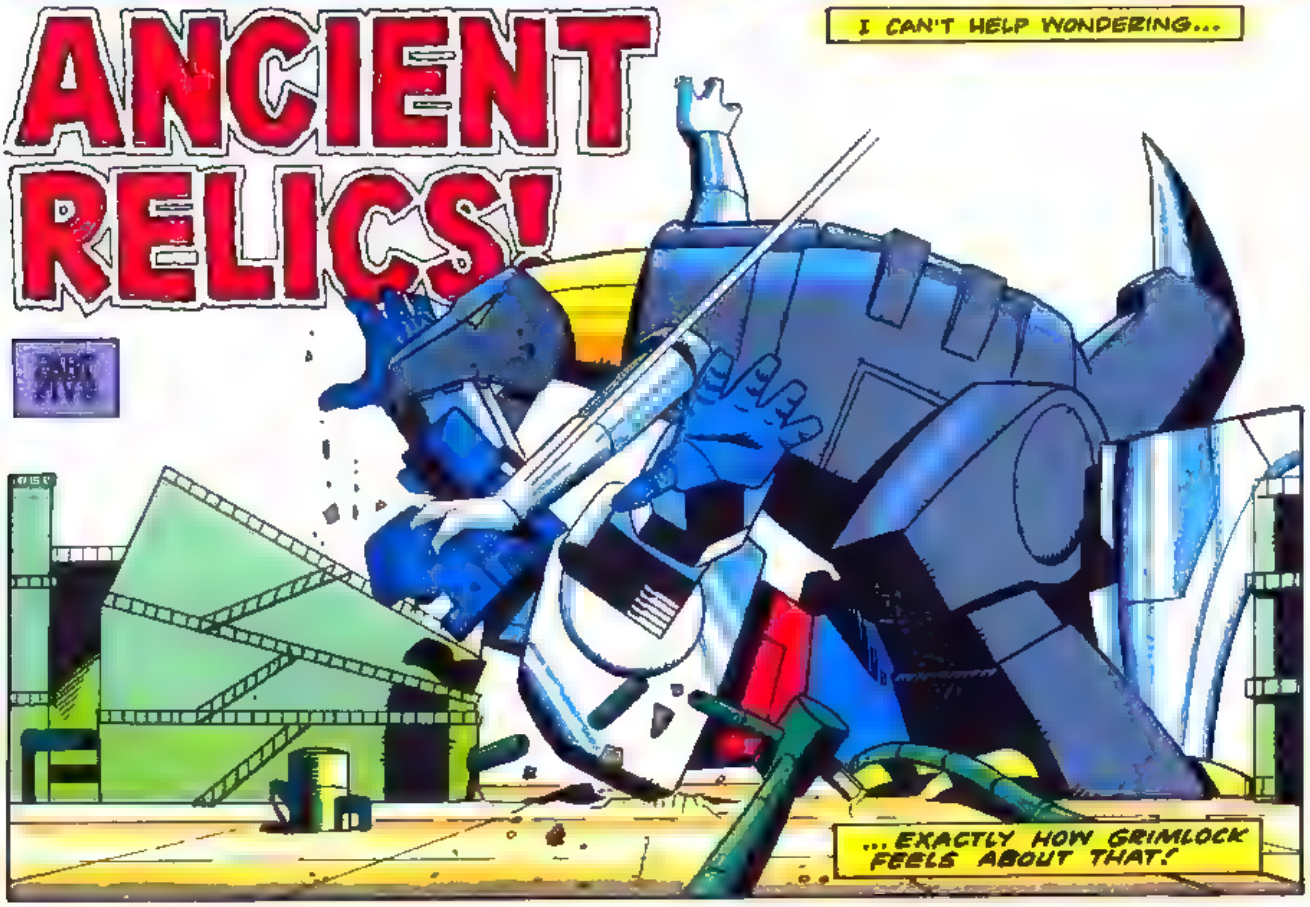
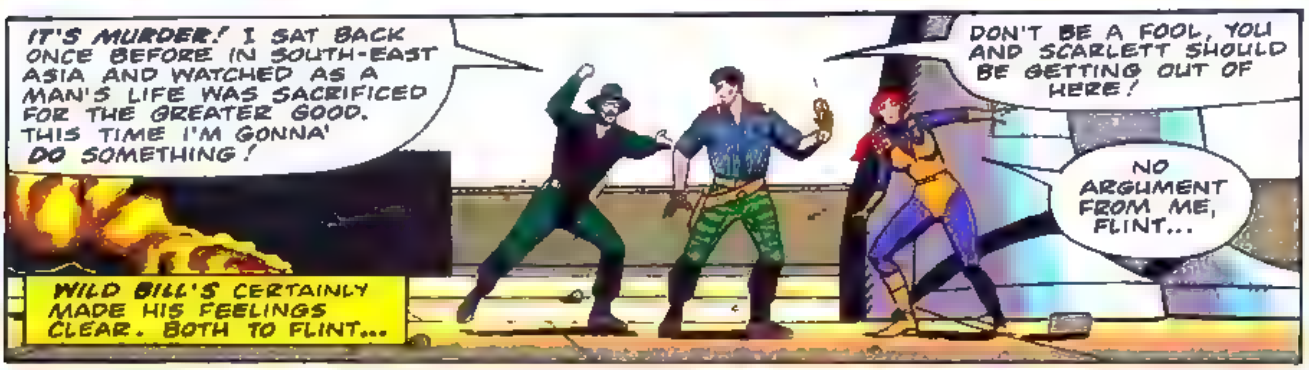
ACTION FORCE



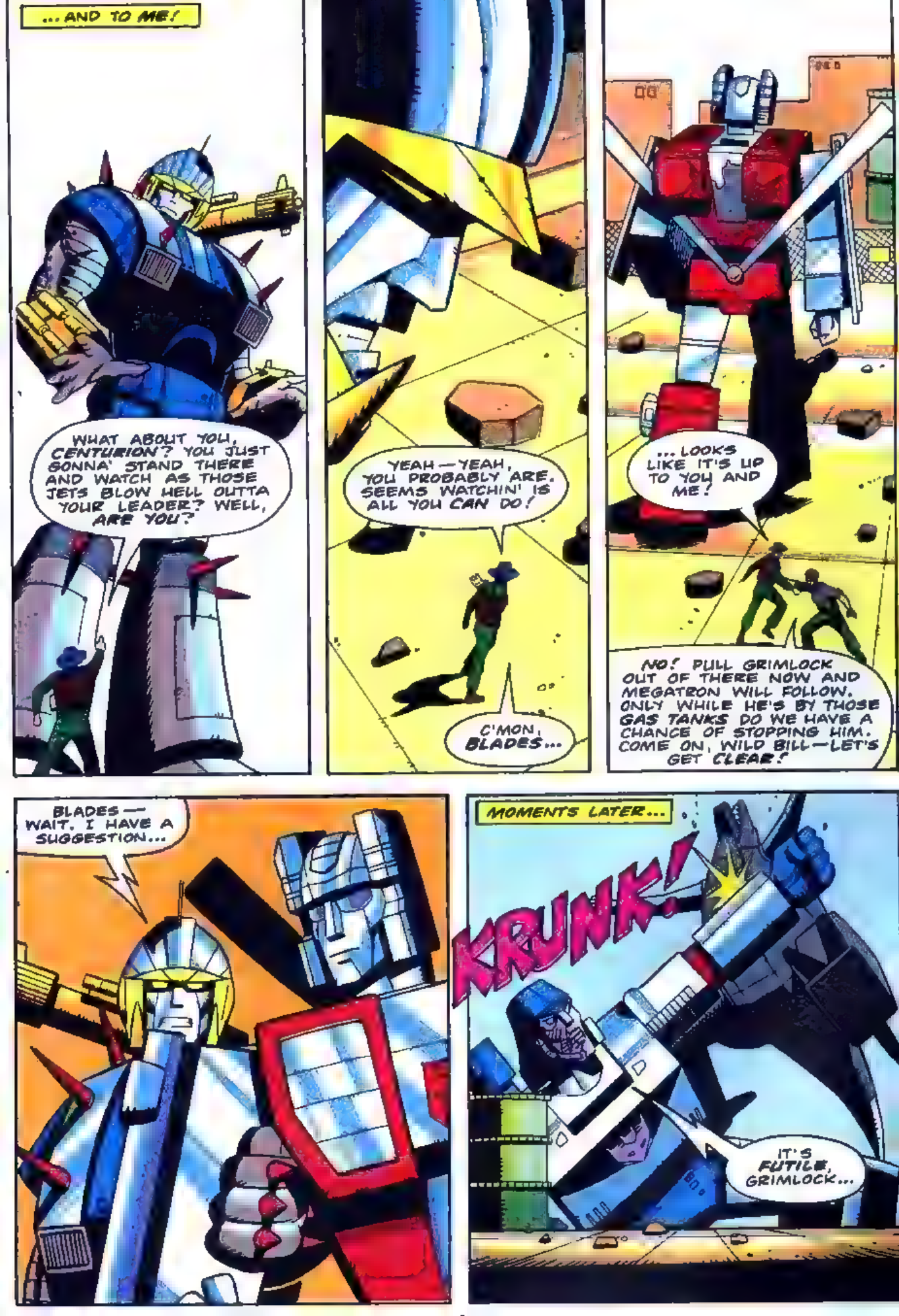

OH YES. MEGATRON HAS TO BE STOPPED. IT'S GRIMLOCK'S LIFE FOR COUNTLESS THOUSANDS'.
ACKNOWLEDGED. FLINT OUT.
I DON'T BELIEVE THIS!

ANCIENT RELICS!



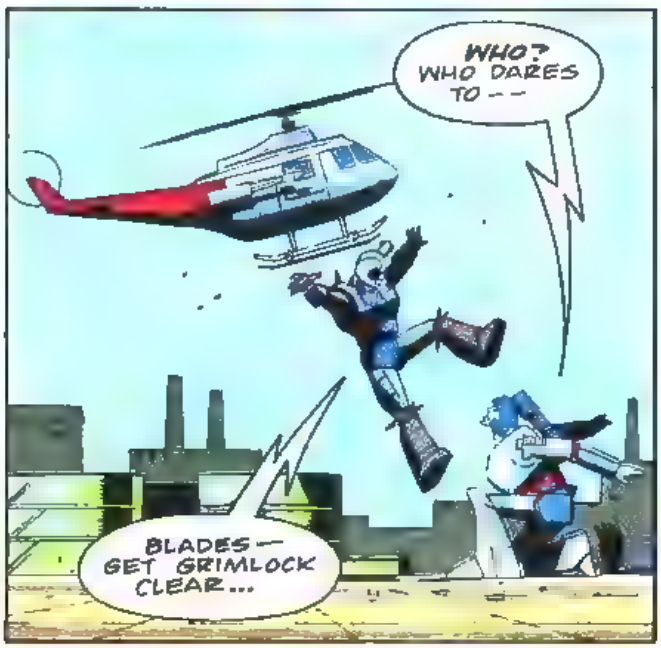

IT'S MURDER! I SAT BACK ONCE BEFORE IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA AND WATCHED AS A MAN'S LIFE WAS SACRIFICED FOR THE GREATER GOOD. THIS TIME I'M GONNA' DO SOMETHING!
DON'T BE A FOOL, YOU AND SCARLETT SHOULD BE GETTING OUT OF HERE!
NO ARGUMENT FROM ME, FLINT...
WILD BILL'S CERTAINLY MADE HIS FEELINGS CLEAR. BOTH TO FLINT...

Script **Simon Furman**/ Pencils **.Geoff Senior**/ Inks **Dave Harwood**/ Letters **. . Annie Halfacree**/ Colour **. . Steve White**

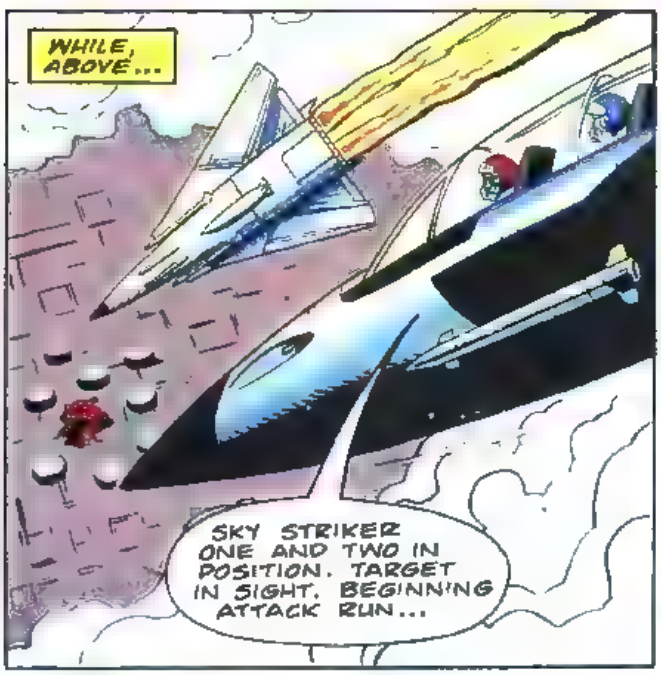

... AND TO ME!
WHAT ABOUT YOU, CENTURION? YOU JUST GONNA' STAND THERE AND WATCH AS THOSE JETS BLOW HELL OUTTA YOUR LEADER? WELL, ARE YOU?
YEAH—YEAH, YOU PROBABLY ARE. SEEMS WATCHIN' IS ALL YOU CAN DO!
C'MON, BLADES...
... LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO YOU AND ME!
NO! PULL GRIMLOCK OUT OF THERE NOW AND MEGATRON WILL FOLLOW. ONLY WHILE HE'S BY THOSE GAS TANKS DO WE HAVE A CHANCE OF STOPPING HIM. COME ON, WILD BILL—LET'S GET CLEAR!
BLADES— WAIT. I HAVE A SUGGESTION...
MOMENTS LATER...
KRUNK!
IT'S FUTILE, GRIMLOCK...

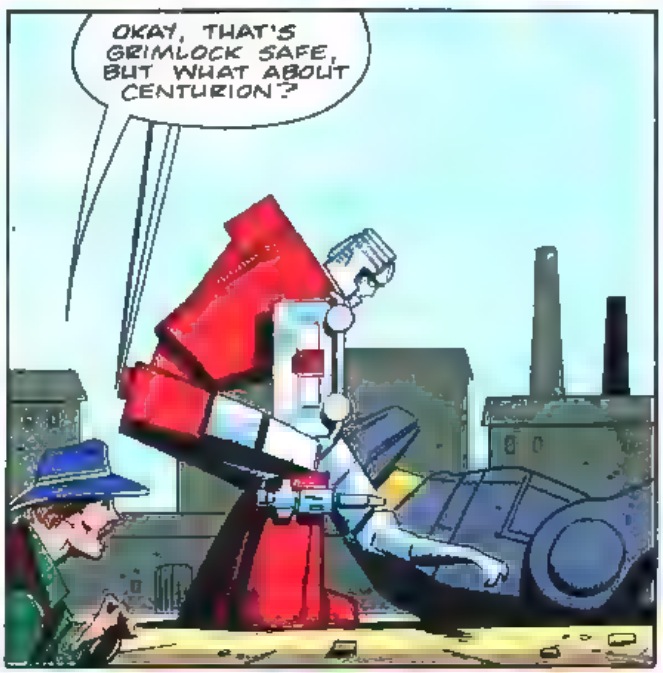
MEGATRON IS, AND ALWAYS WAS, YOUR SUPERIOR! IT IS ONLY FITTING YOU DIE HERE— NOW— AT MY HA—

CHOK!
RNNK!

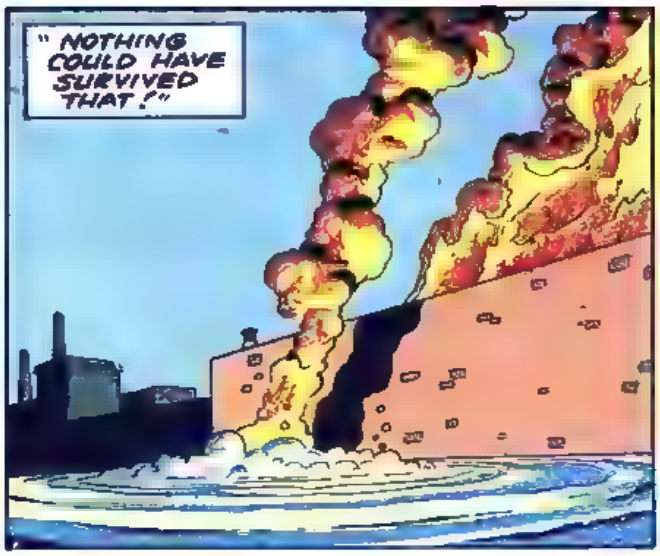

WHO? WHO DARES TO--
BLADES— GET GRIMLOCK CLEAR...

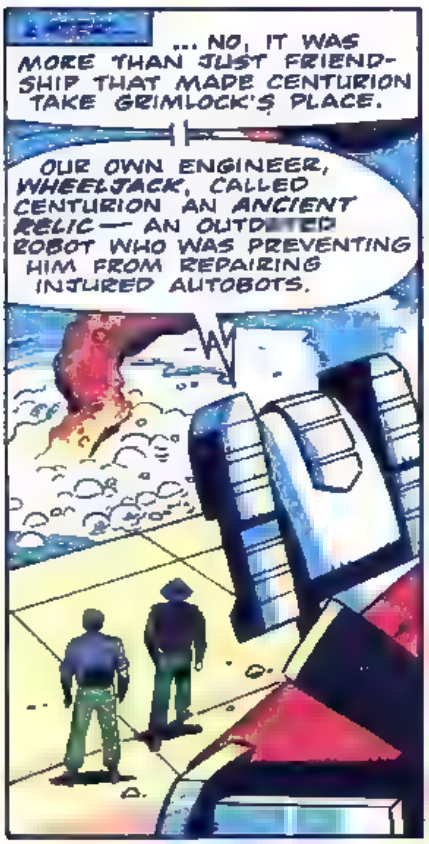
MEGATRON AND I HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO SETTLE!


WHILE, ABOVE...
SKY STRIKER ONE AND TWO IN POSITION. TARGET IN SIGHT. BEGINNING ATTACK RUN...

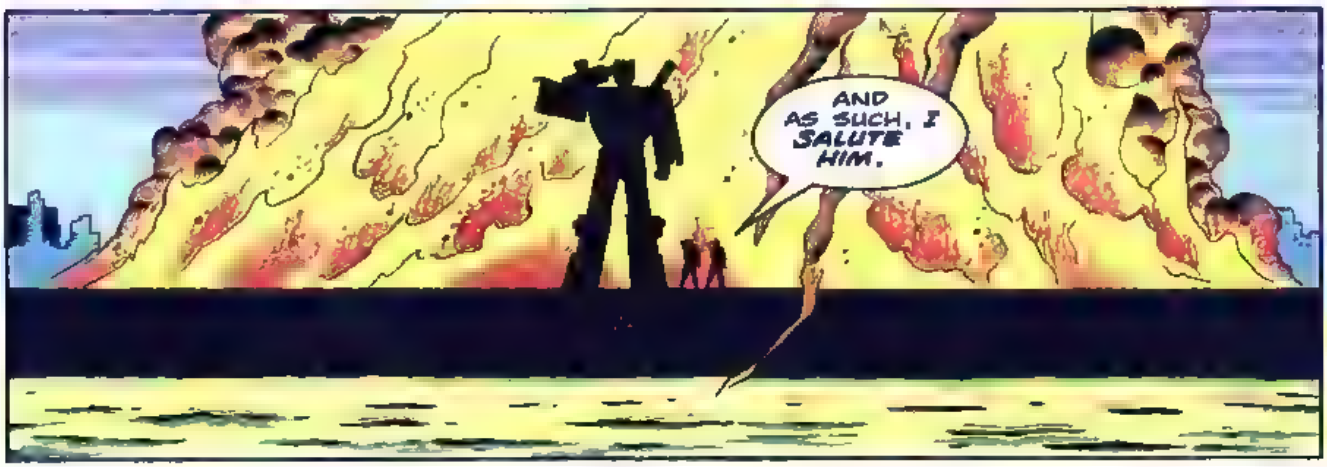

OKAY, THAT'S GRIMLOCK SAFE, BUT WHAT ABOUT CENTURION?

SOMEHOW, WILD BILL, I GET THE IMPRESSION FROM WHAT HE TOLD ME...
" THAT CENTURION..."
"...WON'T BE COMING OUT OF THERE!"
KRAKADOOM!
DEAR GOD...
THE HEAT! NOTHING COULD HAVE SURVIVED THAT, NOTH--




... NO, IT WAS MORE THAN JUST FRIENDSHIP THAT MADE CENTURION TAKE GRIMLOCK'S PLACE.
OUR OWN ENGINEER, WHEELJACK, CALLED CENTURION AN ANCIENT RELIC — AN OUTDATED ROBOT WHO WAS PREVENTING HIM FROM REPAIRING INJURED AUTOBOTS.

CENTURION SAW THIS AS A CHANCE TO MAKE AMENDS— TO GRANT LIFE INSTEAD OF DENYING IT TO OTHERS.
TAKING OUT MEGATRON WAS AN ANCIENT RELIC'S LAST BLAZE OF GLORY!



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ANCIENT RELICS!

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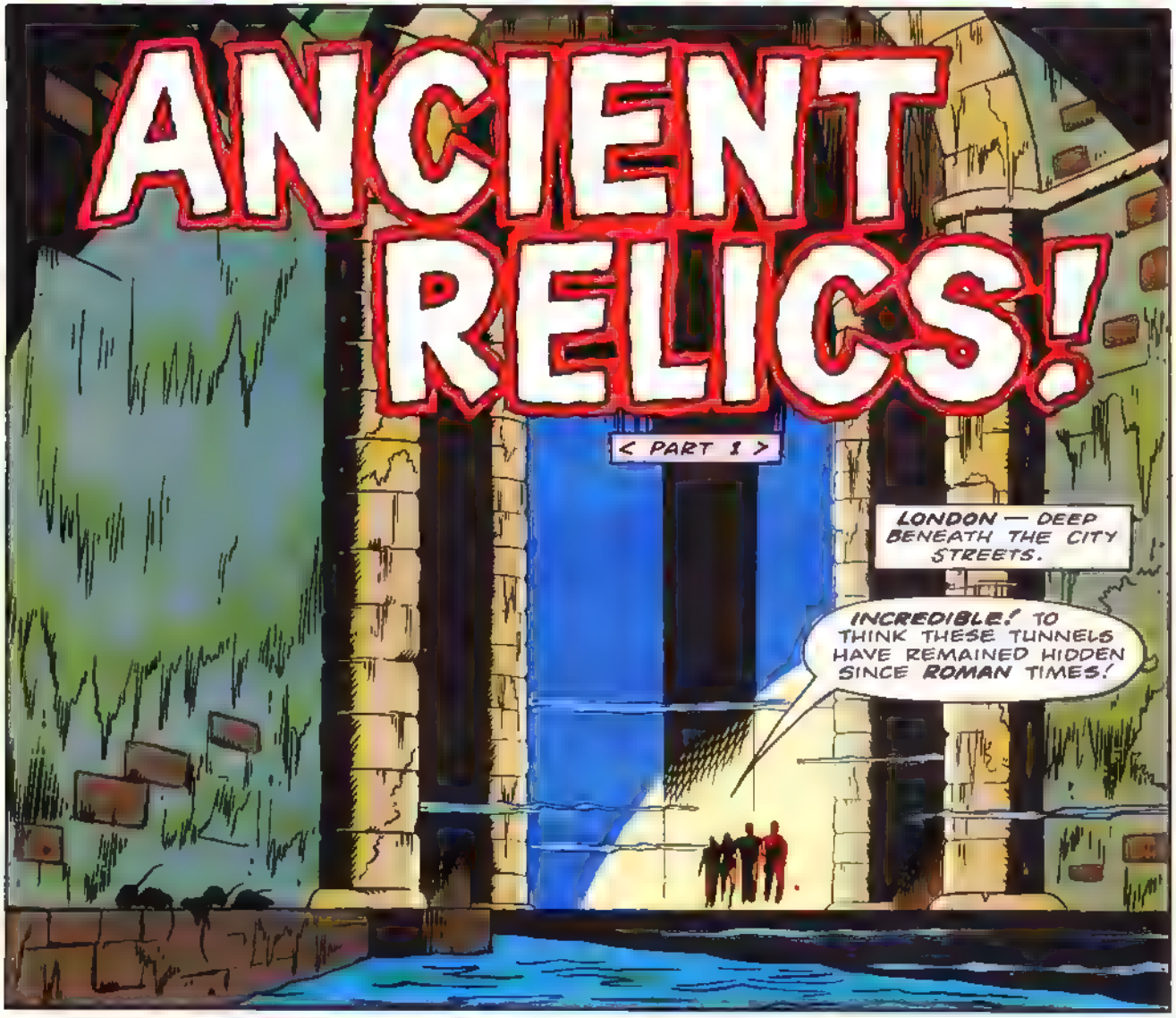
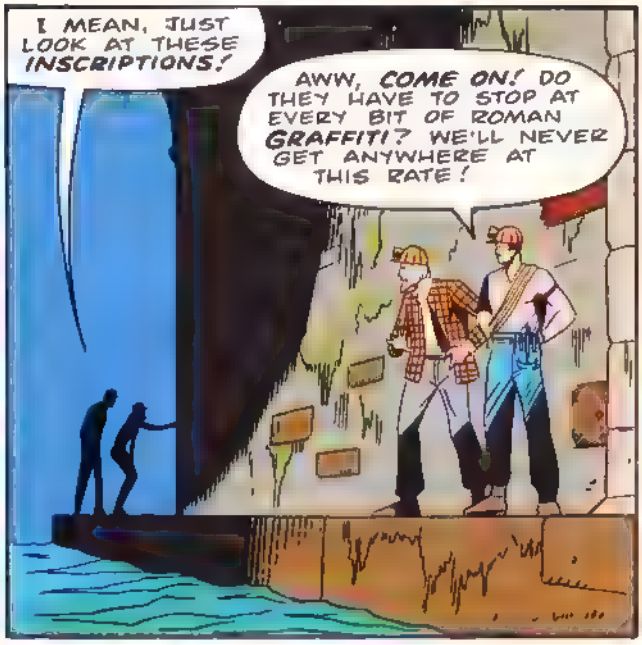
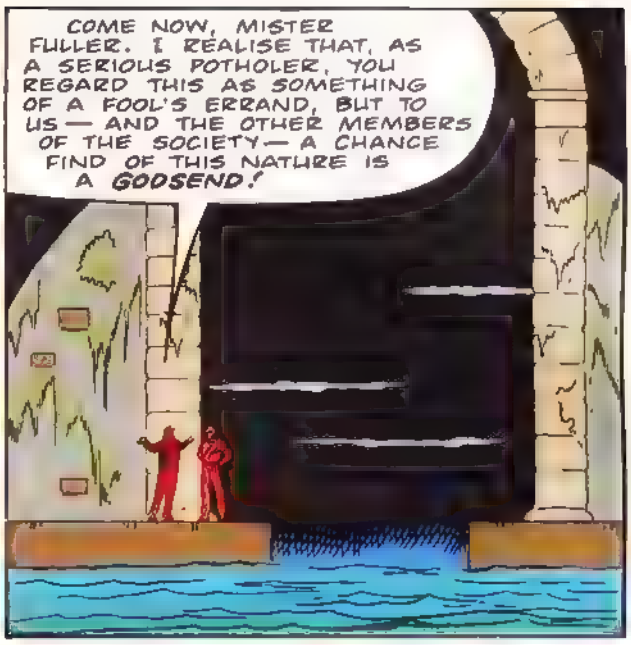


Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Pencils GEOFF SENIOR ■ Inks DAVE HARWOOD ■ Letters ANNIE HALFACREE ■ Colour STEVE WHITE


I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT THESE INSCRIPTIONS!
AWW, COME ON! DO THEY HAVE TO STOP AT EVERY BIT OF ROMAN GRAFFITI? WE'LL NEVER GET ANYWHERE AT THIS RATE!


COME NOW, MISTER FULLER. I REALISE THAT, AS A SERIOUS POTHOLER, YOU REGARD THIS AS SOMETHING OF A FOOL'S ERRAND, BUT TO US — AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY — A CHANCE FIND OF THIS NATURE IS A GOOSEND!

IF WE CAN PRODUCE SOMETHING OF REAL HISTORIC VALUE, THE COUNCIL WILL--
CHANK!
WHAT THE--?

WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT?
DUNNO. CAME FROM DOWN HERE, THOUGH. STRANGE, BUT IT SOUNDED SORTA...

METALLIC!
GEEZ — WHAT IS THAT? SOME SORT'A BUILDING?

MIND YOU, IT SURE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANY SORT'A BUILDING I EVER...

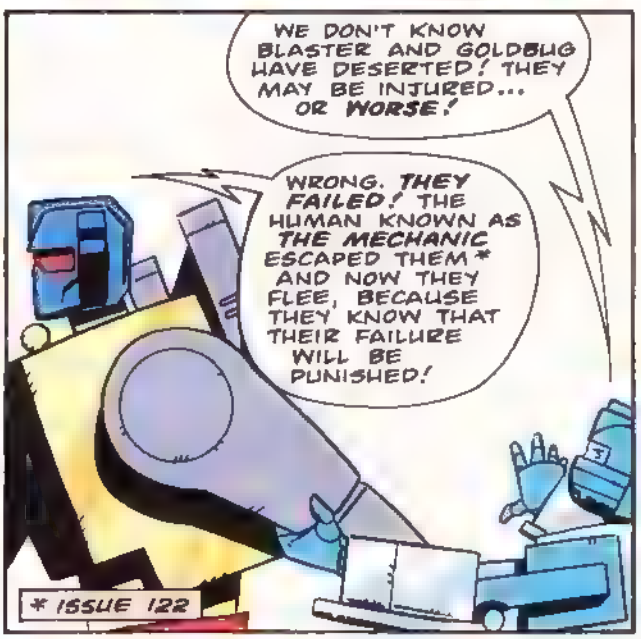
...SAW...
OH MY LORD!
KRUNCH
MOVE!
GET OUTTA HERE! THE WHOLE TUNNEL'S COMING--
RRRMPH!
UNHH!
OH NO—NO! THE OTHERS...
THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT!

OREGON, U.S.A., SOME WHILE LATER. AND WITHIN THE ARK — THE EARTH-BOUND AUTOBOTS' BASE...
WHERE IS EVERYONE?!
ARE WE RUNNING SOME SORT OF HOLIDAY CAMP HERE? I CALL A MEETING OF ALL AVAILABLE AUTOBOTS, AND WHAT HAPPENS?
NO ONE TURNS UP!
WELL, GRIMLOCK, AT A GUESS I'D SAY IT HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT THERE AREN'T ANY AUTOBOTS AVAILABLE AT THE MOMENT!
THE FEW YOU HAVEN'T SENT OUT TO TRY AND LOCATE BLASTER AND GOLDBUG ARE TIED UP WITH THE VARIOUS OTHER POINTLESS TASKS YOU SEEM TO FEEL ARE IMPORTANT.
SUCH AS REPAIRING THIS ANCIENT RELIC! WHY SUCH AN ANTIQUATED HEAP OF CIRCUITRY TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER OUR INJURED COLLEAGUES, I CAN'T BEGIN TO GUESS!
CENTURION IS GRIMLOCK'S FRIEND, WHEELJACK. THAT IS WHY HE IS TO BE REPAIRED FIRST!

OH WELL, THAT'S ALL RIGHT THEN!
ANYWAY, HE'S FIXED, IMPROVED AND FUNCTIONAL, SO YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED!

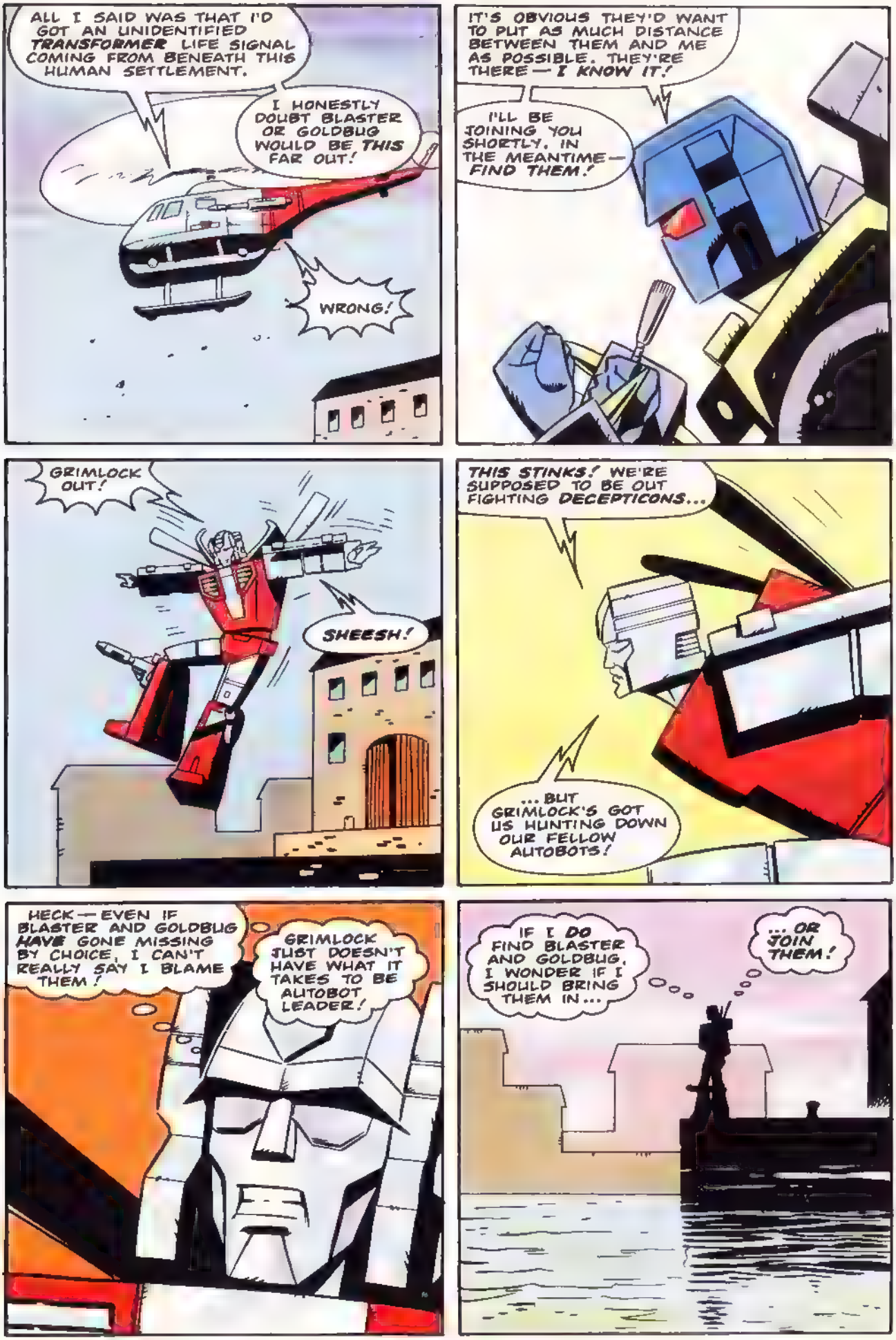
EVEN IF IT WAS AT THE EXPENSE OF THOSE WHO'VE BEEN LYING INJURED FOR MONTHS ON END!

GOOD. ANYWAY, DON'T JUST STAND AROUND — GO AND PREPARE A SHUTTLE FOR TRANSPORT AND LOAD CENTURION ON BOARD. WE'VE FOUND OUR DESERTERS!
DESERTERS?

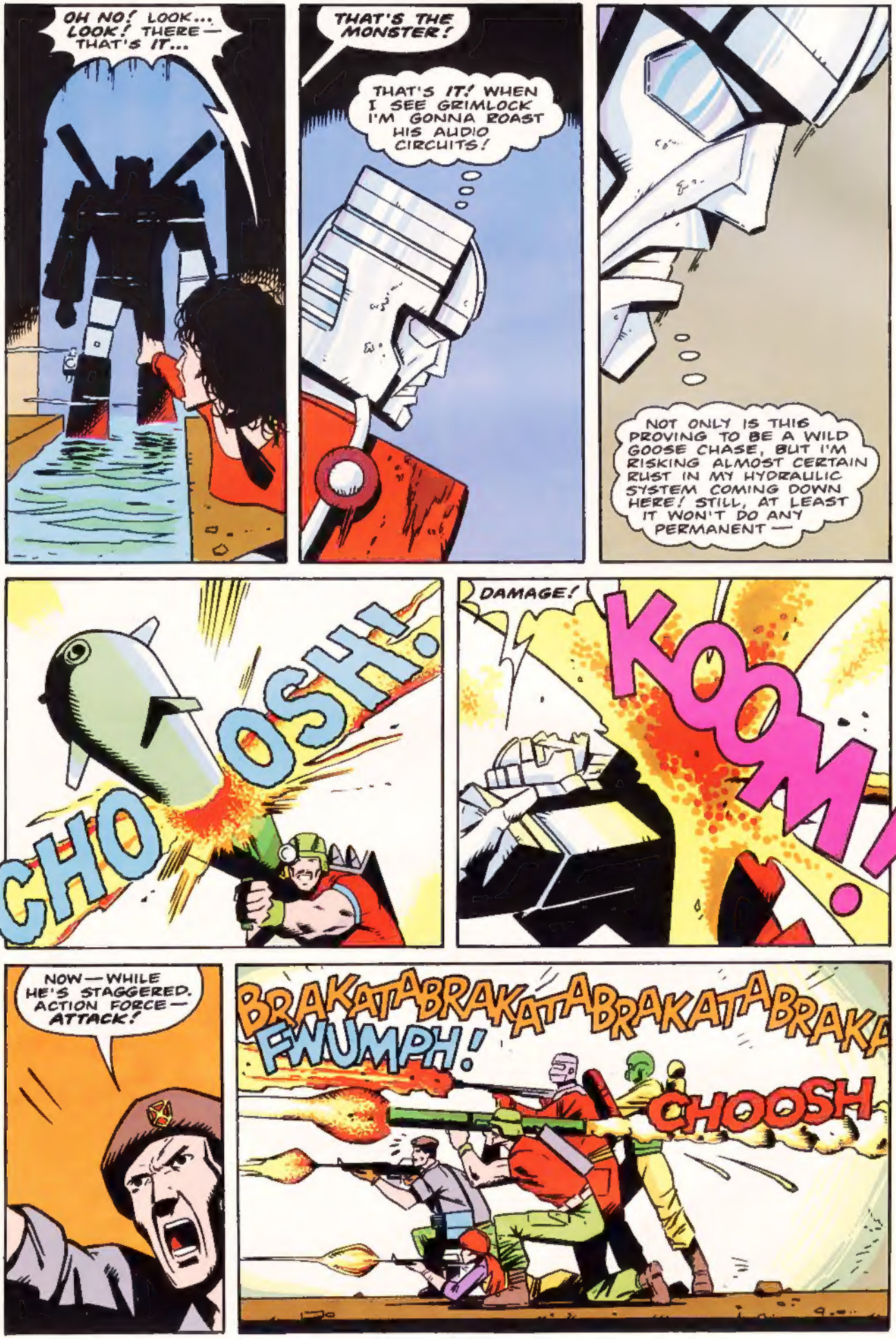

WE DON'T KNOW BLASTER AND GOLDBUG HAVE DESERTED! THEY MAY BE INJURED... OR WORSE!
WRONG. THEY FAILED! THE HUMAN KNOWN AS THE MECHANIC ESCAPED THEM* AND NOW THEY FLEE, BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT THEIR FAILURE WILL BE PUNISHED!
* ISSUE 122

BUT THEY CANNOT HIDE FROM GRIMLOCK! MY AUTOBOTS HAVE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, AND NOW — AT LAST — BLADES HAS FOUND THEM...

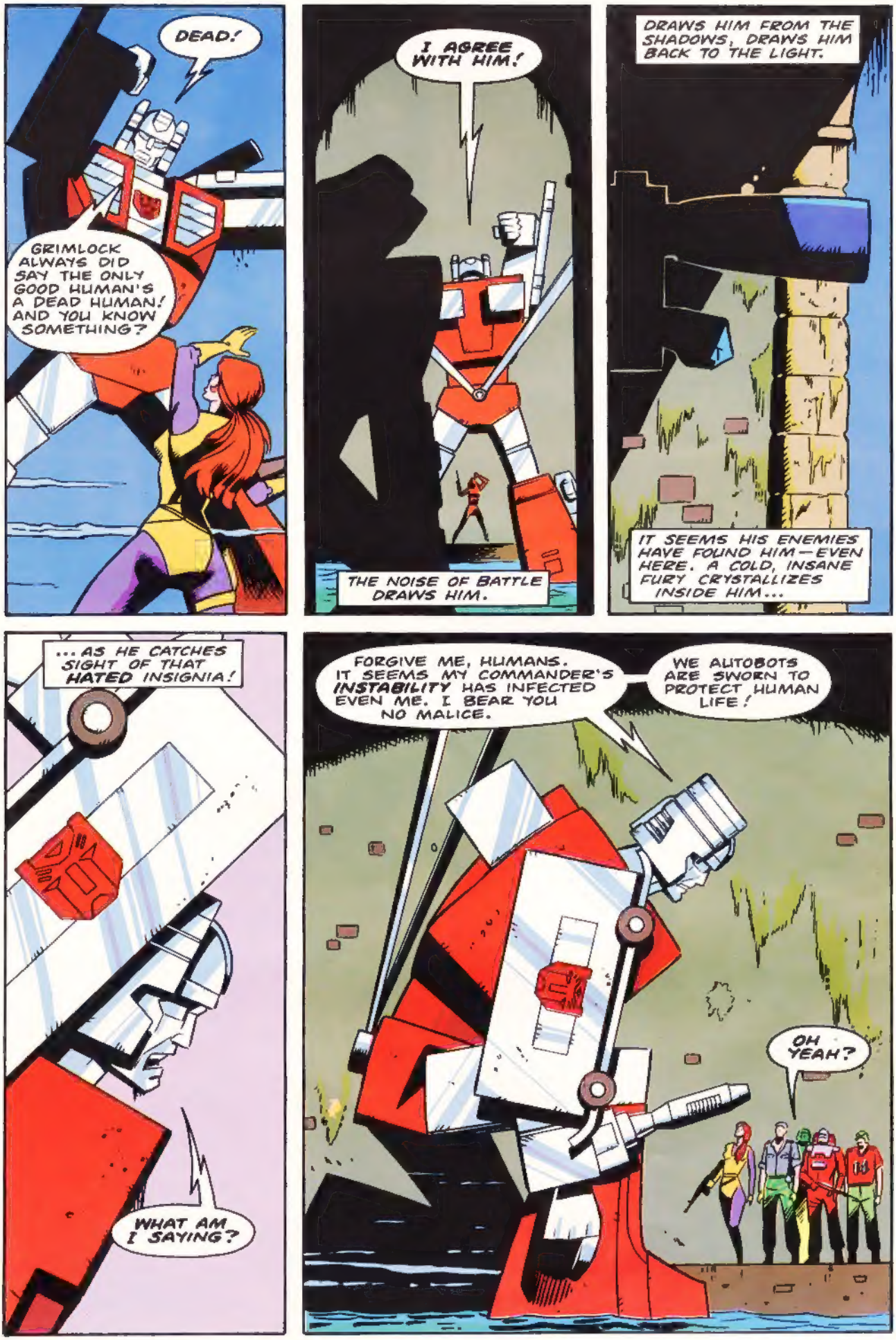
"... IN LONDON!"
WELL, NO — THAT'S NOT EXACTLY WHAT I SAID, GRIMLOCK!


ALL I SAID WAS THAT I'D GOT AN UNIDENTIFIED TRANSFORMER LIFE SIGNAL COMING FROM BENEATH THIS HUMAN SETTLEMENT.
I HONESTLY DOUBT BLASTER OR GOLDBUG WOULD BE THIS FAR OUT!
WRONG!
IT'S OBVIOUS THEY'D WANT TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM AND ME AS POSSIBLE. THEY'RE THERE — I KNOW IT!
I'LL BE JOINING YOU SHORTLY. IN THE MEANTIME — FIND THEM!
GRIMLOCK OUT!
SHEESH!
THIS STINKS! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE OUT FIGHTING DECEPTICONS...
... BUT GRIMLOCK'S GOT US HUNTING DOWN OUR FELLOW AUTOBOTS!
HECK — EVEN IF BLASTER AND GOLDBUG HAVE GONE MISSING BY CHOICE, I CAN'T REALLY SAY I BLAME THEM!
GRIMLOCK JUST DOESN'T HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE AUTOBOT LEADER!
IF I DO FIND BLASTER AND GOLDBUG, I WONDER IF I SHOULD BRING THEM IN...
... OR JOIN THEM!

MEANWHILE, BELOW GROUND...
INCREDIBLE! HERE WE ARE, ACTION FORCE — THE FINEST COUNTER-TERRORIST OUTFIT IN THE WESTERN WORLD — AND WHAT ARE WE DOING?
WE'RE GRUBBING AROUND IN A STINKING ROMAN SEWER, LOOKING FOR SOME FICTIONAL 'MONSTER'...
ALL BECAUSE THIS LITTLE... LADY LOSES HER FRIENDS DOWN HERE!
THAT'S ENOUGH, SCARLETT! OKAY, LISTEN. I KNOW SOME OF YOU THINK WE'RE WASTING OUR TIME, BUT WE'VE BEEN GIVEN A JOB TO DO!
YOU'LL ALL DO IT TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITIES OR ANSWER TO ME, OKAY?
NO PROBLEM, FLINT. BAZOOKA'S READY... AND SPOILIN' FOR A FIGHT!
THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR US, EH, AIRTIGHT?
YOU GOT IT, BARBECUE! JUST WAIT TILL —


OH NO! LOOK... LOOK! THERE— THAT'S IT...
THAT'S THE MONSTER!
THAT'S IT! WHEN I SEE GRIMLOCK I'M GONNA ROAST HIS AUDIO CIRCUITS!
NOT ONLY IS THIS PROVING TO BE A WILD GOOSE CHASE, BUT I'M RISKING ALMOST CERTAIN RUST IN MY HYDRAULIC SYSTEM COMING DOWN HERE! STILL, AT LEAST IT WON'T DO ANY PERMANENT —
CHOOSH!
DAMAGE!
KOOM!
NOW— WHILE HE'S STAGGERED. ACTION FORCE— ATTACK!
BRAKATABRAKATABRAKATABRAKA
FWUMPH!
CHOOSH

THOOM!
KRAK
UNNH... WUH— WHAT? WHO?
HUMANS!
I'M ON A FOOL'S ERRAND, I'M WET, COLD— UNCOMFORT-ABLE... AND NOW I'M ATTACKED BY HUMANS?
OKAY... NOW I'M REALLY MAD!
CHASSSH!
GHUH... M-MY EYES! THAT LIGHT... BLINDING!
DAMMIT, ROBOT— WHERE ARE YOU?
JUST GIVE ME ONE CLEAR SHOT AND YOU'RE--


DEAD!
GRIMLOCK ALWAYS DID SAY THE ONLY GOOD HUMAN'S A DEAD HUMAN! AND YOU KNOW SOMETHING?
I AGREE WITH HIM!
THE NOISE OF BATTLE DRAWS HIM.
DRAWS HIM FROM THE SHADOWS, DRAWS HIM BACK TO THE LIGHT.
IT SEEMS HIS ENEMIES HAVE FOUND HIM—EVEN HERE. A COLD, INSANE FURY CRYSTALLIZES INSIDE HIM...
...AS HE CATCHES SIGHT OF THAT HATED INSIGNIA!
WHAT AM I SAYING?
FORGIVE ME, HUMANS. IT SEEMS MY COMMANDER'S INSTABILITY HAS INFECTED EVEN ME. I BEAR YOU NO MALICE.
WE AUTOBOTS ARE SWORN TO PROTECT HUMAN LIFE!
OH YEAH?

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS YOU ATTACKED? OR DON'T THEY COUNT!
NO, WAIT! I-I COULDN'T SEE CLEARLY BEFORE, BUT THIS ISN'T THE ONE. THE CREATURE THAT ATTACKED US WAS--
BRAK-
REEAAGH!
MOVE, WOMAN— MOVE!
OH NO... NO! THERE — THAT'S THE ONE THAT ATTACKED US!
BUT— BUT WHAT IS IT?
THE NAME, FLESHLING...
IS MEGATRON!

NEXT: TO BE CONTINUED...

IN THE PAGES OF ACTION FORCE 24